

Black Clover: The Harlequin Chronicles

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Summary: [If the manga Black Clover is ever given a category on this website, this story will be transported there.] Hellen of the Farshtan Clan. Hellen of the Orphans. Hellen of the Glass Dragons. Hellen, the Girl of No Words. Hellen, the one who would become the strongest.

1. Year I: First Spring - Stage I, Step I

****Year One: First Spring - First Stages, Step One**
>

"The Sorcery Emperor has returned!"

"They won the battle against the invading army!"

"Two cheers for our hero, the Sorcery Emperor!"

The green haired girl gazed blankly at the city, hearing the distant calls, before looking away. She had larger concerns than some 'Sorcery Emperor' or 'Magic Knights.'

"HELLEN!" She flinched at the shout and turned to see her friend Asta, a boy a bit younger and much shorter than herself. "I PROMISE I'LL MAKE YOU HAPPY! WILL-"

She shook her head, going back to tending to a small patch of flowers. Asta looked taken aback before grinning, clenching his fists and looking at her.

"I won't give up now, Hellen!"

She shook her head.

"I'm still in this game!"

She turned and glared at him slightly, shaking her head 'no' again.

"W-"

The ash blond boy was suddenly blown back by wind, and Hellen let out a small sigh before looking up to face a boy with short, wavy black hair and calm eyes, who was taller than her. "Thanks again, Yuno."

He nodded to her politely before turning to Asta, who was glaring at him.

"Asta, how many times have you asked her?" A small child asked, looking at the blond boy with a bored look.

"Yeah, yeah! You're making Big Sister Hellen feel nervous!"

"Shut up you little shrimps! And Yuno! Why'd you have to blow me away?!"

"You're short, annoying, can't sit still and have absolutely no luck with women. To top it all off, you're proposing to my fiancée."

"IS THAT ANY WAY TO TALK TO SOMEONE YOU'VE GROWN UP WITH FOR THE LAST 15 YEARS, HUH PRETTYBOY?!" Yuno frankly ignored the loud male and turned to Hellen.

"Would you like some help, Hellebore[1]?" He asked, and she smiled at him, placing a hand shovel in the offered hand.

"DON'T IGNORE ME!"

"Asta, no matter how hard you try, you'll never be able to get into any sort of relationship with her," one of the children said, looking up at Asta.

"Yeah, yeah!"

"You won't be able to marry her, Asta. She's my fiancée," Yuno stated, looking at the shorter boy dead in the eye. "Plus, you're 15; too young to be married to anyone."

"You're young too!"

"There is a reason why we still aren't married," Yuno commented offhandedly, eyes still trained to the flowers.

"R-right..." Asta slumped over slightly before springing up once again, pointing at Yuno, who glanced at the ash blond. "FIGHT ME YUNO!"

"No," he bluntly rejected before returning to the flowers. Asta and the younger children began to bicker in the background as the two finished tending to the flowers. Hellen stood up, roughly wiping some sweat from her forehead before walking to her large woven basket full of clothes.

"I'm going to hang these up..." she said softly, and the boy's eyes softened slightly.

"Here..." Yuno held out his hands, and the wet clothes drifted out, suspending in the air before spiraling around at a fast pace, giving the illusion of a sphere. After a moment, the black haired boy stopped the circulation and the now-dry articles of cloth spread wide, and Yuno glanced at his fiancée to see her reaction.

Hellen smiled at him, and watched the dry cloth neatly fold itself and drop back down into the basket.

His cheeks dusted pink and a ghost of a smile crossed his lips before turning to Asta, his face quickly returning to its stoic state. Asta had a(n extremely) fake smile on his face as he took an axe. "Here, I'll cut some firewood..."

Yuno beat him to it, by swiping his arm downwards. The sound of chopped wood falling to the ground reached Asta, who glared at Yuno. "You two're the same age, but Yuno's so much further along than you!" One of the children pointed out, and Asta let out a small 'urk' noise before running up to Yuno.

"HOW DID THIS HAPPEN?!" Asta demanded, shaking the taller boy back and forth by his shoulders. After a moment, Yuno slapped Asta's hands away and simply stated "This is the result of unrelenting work and talent."

Hellen sighed and looked at one of the Sisters from the clergy, who smiled at the girl before walking up to Asta. "It's alright, Asta, the awarding ceremony is coming soon, you're sure to be able to use magic."

"You're right, Sister!" Asta instantly cheered up, a determined look coming to his face. "I'll get a Grimmoire _stronger than everyone else's_ and become a Magic Knight! And then I'll become the Sorcery Emperor! Then I'll come back and rebuild this dirty little church!"

"Excuse my dirty little church!" The head priest shouted in protest, but was ignored.

"He's still saying that," one of the children sighed.

"I understand your determination," Sister began, "But I'll tell you now; almost all of the people who become Magic Knights are of royalty or noble blood, that are born with extremely well-developed and promising Magic powers."

Hellen looked up before looking at the basket again. "We are all of low-class and are orphans, and the chances of any of us becoming Magic Knights are low...but I doubt myself becoming a Magic Knight more than I doubt your and Yuno's abilities. In fact, I don't doubt you two at all."

Yuno and Asta watched Hellen in surprise as she hefted the large basket onto her head and balanced it, holding one side with one hand, the other wiping more sweat from her forehead, before she smiled. "I just don't believe I'll ever make it as far as you two."

"Hellen-" Yuno didn't get to finish his sentence; his fiancée was already around the corner, headed back to the sleeping quarters to

sort out the clothes.

The two boys stood in silence, slightly in awe that Hellen had spoke, before Asta 'hmp'h'ed and ran off. "Asta, where are you going?" The Sister called, but Yuno just shook his head.

"Leave him; he'll be back by dinner."

* * *

><p>I can remember when I saw Yuno and Asta for the first time. I was two-and-a-half years old then; about two years and a quarter older than them.

_ I don't know why I can remember something so vividly at such a young age, maybe it was Asta's pale hair, or maybe Yuno's amber eyes or their strange auras._

_ "Hellebore, would you like to see them?" Sister asked, and I nodded wordlessly. I crept up to the baskets and crouched down, peeking in at them. The two infants stopped crying for a moment, peering at me curiously before smiling, laughing._

_ I was taken aback for a moment before reaching out to the blond one's basket. He 'grinned' and he grabbed a hold of my hand and laughed a bit harder, closing his eyes happily. I smiled softly at him before the other started crying and I turned to him._

_ His aura was bright, full of life, but slightly dark, while the other's was dim, full of determination and ambition._

_ Hesitantly, I reached to him. The boy slowly stopped crying, spotting my hand and eagerly reaching out and snatching my hand, pulling it forward and rubbing his face against it, as if it were a doll._

_ I smiled gently, watching as the small boy began to fall asleep, my hand still in his firm grip._

_ "They really like you," Sister commented, and I looked over my shoulder, a bit startled. "Do you want to name them, Hellebore?"_

_ "... " I said nothing, looking back at the two boys, gazing at her excitedly. "Ah...Asta," I said softly, pointing at the blond child before gazing at the black haired one. "Yu...no." I smiled in a proud fashion. "Asta, Yuno!"_

_ Sister looked a little surprised before smiling. "All right, Asta and Yuno it is!"_

~â€¢~

_ "Hurry up, Hellen!" Asta said eagerly, jumping in place. I ran out, wearing a pair of overalls, short sleeved shirt and knee-length leather boots with a silver toe-cover and iron bottoms and short heels._

_ I'd gotten them as a gift from a visiting noble who had been impressed by my Magical talent and knowledge. I had received the pair of boots, a ring and a silver hair piece 'to remember him by.'_

_ "There you are!" Yuno smiled, and grabbed her arm and pulled her along as they ran into the woods. "Let's play hide-and-seek!"_

_ I smiled and nodded, and the two boys cheered._

* * *

><p>Hellen watched Yuno walk off after Asta before turning around, her boots clacking against the stone road. 'Now to wait for March to come...'<p>

2. Year I: First Spring - Stage I, Step II

****Year One: First Spring - First Stages, Step Two****

March soon came, and the day had come.

Hellen waited by the entrance of the Grimoire Tower, gazing at the group of young mages, searching for her two companions.

"Hellen! Hellen!" Asta ran out from behind her and tackled her from behind. She fell to the ground, letting out a small sound of pain when her face hit the stone ground. "Where were you? Yuno and I were looking all over!"

The girl said nothing, merely pushing him off of her and pointing to the ground where she stood as a response.

"Huh?! You mean you were here to whole time?" He exclaimed and sighed when she nodded in confirmation. "Well, the ceremony's about to start! C'mon!" Hellen let the energetic boy grab onto her arm and pull her into the Tower.

"Welcome to the ceremony, young ones!" The voice grew louder as Asta pulled Hellen into the main chamber, which was a colossal (height-wise) room, in a cylinder shape, the walls covered in shelves, books all over them.

Hellen took a moment to wonder why the Tower was full, rather than empty. Where did all these Grimoires even come from, anyways?

"Today, your future will be granted to you, with faith, hope and love!" The old mage said, smiling under his beard. "I am the head of this Grimoire Tower. Now then, is the future Sorcery Emperor amongst us?"

"Look, it's those rats from the church..." Hellen heard, and looked over her shoulder to see a group of nobles whispering among themselves.

"They look so...poor." "They don't need to give them_ Grimoires_ to put them on the same level as us."

Hellen blocked out the mage and glared at the group heatedly, hoping with all her heart they would be sent to Hell when they died. The nobles felt the scorching gaze and their eyes widened slightly out of fear and they stopped talking, searching the crowds for the one

responsible, but came up with nothing.

"-re Conferment!" Hellen was snapped back to the old mage as those words left his mouth, and she gazed in awe as Grimoires floated down from the various shelves, each finding someone to pair up with. The girl heard people talk amongst themselves, comparing and contrasting their Grimoires as she held hands with Yuno, intertwining their fingers as she nervously waited for her Grimoire.

After a moment, Asta held his arms up. "Excuse me...a Grimoire hasn't come my way!"

There was a moment of silence before people broke out into laughter.

"I'm sorry...maybe try again next year?" The mage offered, and Hellen frowned, hugging Yuno's arm to her chest. The boy glanced at his fiancée before looking up once again as a bright light descended towards the two. Yuno held out his free hand, and the Grimoire floated above it, a bright light shining around it. Hellen squinted and took a look at it before gasping slightly.

"Four leaf...clover," she whispered in awe, before smiling, proud of the taller boy she was holding on to. Soon after, another Grimoire came flying down, glowing a warm golden light. She held out her hand, touching it, and it suddenly shrunk to a few centimeter thick book, of a tiny octagonal shape, a wooden cover on each side, golden patterns over them and a gem embedded on the front cover, the image of a clover engraved under the ruby.

"A four leaf?! And a two leaf clover?!" Someone exclaimed. Hellen and Yuno looked down at her petite Grimoire where, sure enough, there was the engraving of a two-leaf clover. Yuno's eyes sparked with interest before he looked up again.

"Amazing! The four-leaf clover!"

"But what about the two-leaf clover..?"

"I heard that the first Grimoire to ever exist had two leaves on the clover..."

"This is incredible!"

"I will become the Sorcery Emperor," Yuno's voice echoed throughout the Tower, strong and determined. Silence reigned before cheers rose.

"Yuno's so great!"

"He's so cute too!" Hellen and Yuno's grip on each other's hands tightened slightly at the call, Yuno glancing at his fiancée as she glared at the woman who called him 'cute.'

"A street rat like him..?"

"And her...she looks familiar..."

"There has to be _some_ sort of mistake..."

Yuno turned around and glared at all of the nobles, and shivers went down their spines.

"Yuno..." Yuno and Hellen turned to see Asta with a determined look in his eyes. "JUST YOU WAIT! I'LL CATCH UP RIGHT AWAY! 'CUZ RIGHT NOW..." The blond pointed at himself. "I'M YOUR ONLY RIVAL!"

Yuno stared at Asta for a moment, blocking out the sounds of the others ridiculing Asta before gently removing Hellen from his arm and walking past his 'childhood friend.'

"...Ridiculous."

Hellen frowned as her fiancé walked off, before walking over to Asta and looking down at him, placing her hands on his shoulders. He looked up, his eyes blank, before shaking his head and pushing her hands off. "I'm fine, Hellen..."

She watched him walk off as well before the head Priest of the church placed a hand on her shoulder. "Let's head back and prepare a feast for your fiancé!"

"...and Asta," she murmured before walking after Yuno. She soon found him outside one of the entrances of the tower and jogged up to him. He looked at her, and waited for her to be by his side before offering her a hand, which she took. She smiled at him, before also looking at the closed door.

"The star of the show shouldn't hang around all day like this..." a male voice interrupted the peaceful silence. Hellen's eyes widened as the sound of chains flying through the air reached her and she pushed Yuno out of the way, and she was struck by a binding spell.

"HELLEN!" Yuno exclaimed, trying to run towards her but a man stood beside her with a knife.

"Summoning Magic, Full Circle Bind..." the man said. "This spell will restrict her from moving, and prevent her from using magic..." He took her Grimoire from her messenger bag. "Which is perfect."

"Get away from her," Yuno demanded, trying his best to remain level headed, moving to run towards them.

"Don't move!" He held the knife close to Hellen's chest, and Yuno immediately stopped. "Oho, you really like this girl, don't you?" He held the knife a bit closer to her, and pulled on her hair. Hellen winced, but not a sound came from her. Yuno gritted his teeth.

"Who the Hell are you?" He questioned, and the man laughed.

"I used to be a Magic Knight not too long ago, I was even making a name for myself... 'Chain Master LeButy.' But now? Now I'm just a humble bandit." LeButy held out his hand, and the four-leaf clover Grimoire floated over to him. "All Grimoires choose their master, but there are tons of people out there who'd pay ten times a king's ransom to get these...even though you two were chosen my these Grimoires, you were just chosen, so you're no threat to me at all...your legend will end long before it began, boy."

"WAIT RIGHT..." A voice suddenly boomed, and something rolled past and rammed into the wall of the tower. The three stared at it for a moment before Asta popped up, face bruised. "...THERE! WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING, THIEF?"

"Asta..." Yuno trailed off, slightly surprised.

"Hm? Oh, you're that pathetic kid that didn't get chosen by a Grimoire," LeButy mused, an amused smirk playing on his face.

"Yeah, that's me! Glad you remember! I'm that pathetic kid!" Hellen frowned, struggling slightly, but the knife punctured her skin slightly, drawing a bit of blood. She winced. "A Grimoire is a precious item that is handed down to only one person! Give those back to Hellen and Yuno!"

"Doing twisted things like this aren't out of the norm in the real world, kid, care to die before you see it for yourself?"

3. Year I: First Spring - Stage I, Step III

****Year One: First Spring - First Stages, Step Three****

"Asta, run!" Hellen suddenly shouted, opening her eyes and turning to the blond boy. He looked at her in a surprised fashion before grinning.

"You think I'm gonna run from someone who took somethin' that ain't theirs?" He shouted, running forward. "And to think you stooped this low!"

"Oh please," LeButy laughed, holding out his hand as his own Grimoire floated. "Who cares if I did? And I won't even have to break a sweat_ on you."

From the man's hand, the chains sprung forth and wrapped themselves around Asta, who kept running. "Like this is gonna stop me!"

"But it willâ€|" LeButy smirked, and held his arm out. "Chain Magic: Dance of the Chain Snakes."

Asta's eyes widened as the chain's end link turned into the head of the fanged reptile, and they attacked him, biting into him and sinking their teeth into his flesh before flinging him against the wall of the Tower.

"Thanks for the short source of entertainment, boy," LeButy said, standing above the boy. "Since you tried ever-so-hard, I'll tell you somethingâ€|you see, I can sense the amount of Mana someone has using these chains, but you?" The man pointed at the blond boy. "You have none at all! You were born this way_, boy. You can't even use magic in the first place~!" LeButy sang, laughing at Asta's helpless state.

The ash blond boy's mind drifted off, his thoughts drowning out what the bandit was saying. 'Seriously?'

"Thinking about it, all I can say is that you're pitiful, boy." Hellen squeezed her eyes shut, looking away from the sight. "You're

nothing in comparison to your talented friend his and girly over there," LeButy teased, grinning as he kicked Asta again. "They must've been making fun of you for years now!" He kicked him again. "There isn't a damn thing you can do in this world; you might as well give up. **You were born a loser.**"

"Whoâ€|" Yuno began, standing straight and glaring at the bandit. "Are you calling a loser?" Everyone turned to him, and the black haired boy looked LeButy dead in the eye, making him flinch slightly. "He isn't a loser he's myâ€|" Yuno grinned. "Asta is my _rival_."

Asta twitched slightly, though it went unnoticed by LeButy, who was scoffing and gazing at Yuno. "Hmph."

"Heyâ€|" Asta looked up, wiping some of the blood off of his face. "I'm not done yet."

Hellen's eyes widened, and Yuno's brows rose. "Astaâ€|" she whispered.

"Sorry for the unsightly event just now, Yuno, Hellenâ€|" He slowly stood up, still supporting himself by grabbing onto his knees. "Just wait there, okay?" He flashed them a smile. "I'll beat this guy."

There was the sound of something flying, and Hellen looked up, eyes widening again when she saw a tattered book fly down to Asta and hover before him as he looked at it in awe.

"Aâ€|Grimoire?" The blond boy murmured, reaching out to touch it.

"I thought so," Hellen spoke up, smiling. "The thought of someone like Asta not being chosen is the dumbest thing I've ever heard." The iron hilt of a rusted sword emerged from the open pages, and Asta grabbed onto it, and a thick and long, black and rusted sword popped out, making the boy lurch forward slightly before regaining his balance.

Asta shakily stood up, leaning on the sword. "That _sword_ is his _magic_?" LeButy muttered in disbelief, watching him. He looked at the cover of Asta's Grimoire and his eyes widened at the sight of a five-leaf clover.

Hellen saw this, and she closed her eyes, smiling slightly. 'The three leaves of the clover symbolize three different traits; faith, hope and love. The fourth is fortune. The fifthâ€|' She looked up, hearing Yuno murmur "A demon."

"How did you do that?!" The bandit exclaimed, pointing at the Mana-less boy in an accusing fashion. "You have no Mana! This shouldn't be possible!"

"This thing is heavyâ€|" Asta muttered to himself, hefting the blade up. "Who knew that all that physical training would come in handy now?" He moved to run towards LeButy when he felt something lift him off the ground and looked at his feet in surprise.

A small drift of wind was carrying him. Asta looked over his shoulder to see Yuno holding out a hand to aid him, while his other hand was

trying to free Hellen from the chains. Asta grinned before turning back to LeButy just in time to avoid the snake chains; by slashing them clean in half before the magic chains dissolved into the air.

"He negated my Magic?" The bandit exclaimed in disbelief, flipping to another page in his Grimoire as fast as possible, but didn't do so fast enough. Asta swung his blade, and hit LeButy dead in the side.

"MY MAGIC IS NOT GIVING UP!" The bandit was flung into the air, crashing against a further branch of the tower and smashing a crater into the wall.

All was silent, before Asta doubled over, using his sword as support. "This thing's so damn heavyâ€|butâ€|" He suddenly hugged the Grimoire, rubbing his cheek against it affectionately. "I don't know where you came from, but you're amazing! And you're all battered up; I promise I'll take good care of you!"

Hellen smiled, watching as the Magic chains drifted away, turning into dust.

"You saved us again, Asta," Yuno broke the silence, and Asta looked at him as he walked up to the shorter boy, Hellen in tow. "One of these days, we have to repay you." Yuno stopped in front of Asta and smiled at him, holding out his fist. "Do you still remember our pledge, Asta? Hellen?"

His fiancÃ©e nodded, and held her first beside Yuno's, creating an open-sided triangle.

"Yeah, but I need to hear it from you to believe you still remember." Asta held his fist up as well, so their hands were touching. They all opened their mouths to speak.

* * *

><p> I can remember that moment. It's already been this long?

_ The moment we all first promised each other we'd do our best._

_ Yuno, Hellen and I were all in town, but Yuno had gotten his gem pendant stolen from him and I tried to get it back._

_ "Give it back!" Yuno had pleaded, trying to grab at it, but the man was too tall. Hellen tried as well, jumping much higher, but still missed._

_ "As if! Like street rats like you could have something this precious," the man scoffed, taking a look at the pendant for himself._

_ Yuno teared up, and Hellen crouched beside him, glaring at the man as she hugged the black haired boy in a protective fashion._

_ I couldn't take it anymore._

_ "Give that back to Yuno! That isn't yours!" I had demanded, running

forward and pouncing on the man._

_ "Who the Hell are you?!" The man exclaimed, jerking back and holding the necklace out of my reach. He smacked me off before holding out his hand. "Taste my Magic, you slum brat!"_

_ He had struck me with many spells; more than I can recall. I was beaten and bruised, tired, scorched and numb. I couldn't feel anymore, but I still stood strong, panting and trying not to give in and fall. "Youâ€¦fine, just take it!"_

_ I grinned triumphantly as the pendant hit the ground, and Yuno scrambled up to get it as the man walked off, muttering something under his breath. "Asta!" Hellen ran up to me, crouching down and offering me a hand, which I took._

_ "Whyâ€¦why didn't you give up?" Yuno spoke up, looking shaken and terrified._

_ "I can't give up, becauseâ€¦" My grin widened. "One day I'll be the Sorcery Emperor!"_

_ Yuno and Hellen stared at me for a moment before Yuno smiled. "I will too."_

_ Hellen nodded in agreement, but said "I just want to be strongest," and I looked at them in surprise before Hellen grinned and held out her fist. "Thenâ€¦" We all touched out fists._

* * *

><p> "Let's see which one of us makes it to the top first!"

End
file.